



THE BARON'S EYRIE

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Come on up for a bite

Artwork by John Dollar

Jason writes: "I currently work as an assistant editor at a puzzle press in Norwalk, Connecticut. I enjoy travel, so in my spare time I do a bit of freelance work (the operative term being "free"), writing travel essays for a small 'zine in my college town of Ithaca, New York. Unfortunately, the problem with being out of school and thrust into the real world is having too little vacation time. There are days when I wouldn't complain if the Mists were to come seeping into my cubicle to steal me away."

"The Baron's Eyrie" is an AD&D® game RAVENLOFT® adventure for 4-6 player characters of 5th-7th level (about 30 total levels). The party should include at least one good priest and/or a paladin. Due to the number of lycanthropes, silver or magical weapons are necessary. The PCs should also have some means of flight or levitation, lest they be unable to reach their goal. A PC with the healing nonweapon proficiency would also be useful.

The adventure takes place in an anonymous land of Ravenloft, an undescribed "island of terror" unconnected with the lands of the core. However, with a few minor changes, it can easily appear in a DM's own campaign or another domain of Ravenloft. Sithicus is an especially good choice among Ravenloft domains, since it was once a part of the world of Krynn.

While "The Baron's Eyrie" draws from both the RAVENLOFT and DRAGONLANCE® campaign worlds, DMs using other settings can convert the scenario to their own campaigns by reworking the rules from the RAVENLOFT setting. As The Vine and Horseshoe is not presented in detail, as it can be changed to become a specific locale of the DM's campaign world. All that is required is for the surrounding region to be wooded and mountainous.

Adventure Background

Situated between two large towns, The Vine and Horseshoe is a large camp surrounded by a palisade to keep out nighttime dangers. As the adventure begins, the heat of summer has crept back over the mountains surrounding the solitary waystation. The hazy afternoons and sticky nights of this region have given way to days of blue skies and nights full of pleasant breezes.

Recently, however, even the high palisade wall has not stopped a series of kidnappings from occurring at the inn. One person has disappeared each night for the past week. No clues have been found, and the victims have vanished completely. While most of the abductions have taken place while the victims were outside, two of the missing were actually plucked from their beds by an assailant who must have entered through a window.

Morale at The Vine and Horseshoe is low. The remaining guards (three have gone), are very nervous and jumpy. They keep in pairs at all times. Those guests that learn of the kidnappings (obviously, not many people who work at the inn are eager to talk about it) cannot leave quickly enough. The owner, Gustaf, is frantic to end the abductions and restore his inn's reputation as a safe and gracious place.

For the Dungeon Master

How the DM decides to bring the PCs to The Vine and Horseshoe is unimportant. They can arrive by their own devices or be captured by the ubiquitous Mists. The most natural device is simply to have them traveling the domains of Ravenloft in search of a way out of the demiplane.

In any event, the PCs find themselves on a road at night, heading northeast and sloping down toward the lights of a small settlement. The air is cool, the sky is clear, and the moon is bright. Stars twinkle against the black expanse.

The kidnappings are the work of werebats, thralls held in check by their master, a powerful werebat known only as "the Baron." The Baron and his underlings dwell in a floating castle called Eyrie, hidden in a small valley beside the one that cradles The Vine and Horseshoe, no more than five miles away. Unable to leave his fortress, the Baron must depend on his more maneuverable servants to bring him his nightly dinner of human blood. The lesser werebats, however, resent their forced servitude and have often tried to dispose of the Baron. While they cannot oppose him directly nor even disobey his commands, they would love nothing more than his destruction. The Baron knows of his servants' hatred, but he must tolerate them or starve to death.

Recently the Baron has learned of Mikal Gunderling, a man cursed to live

forever. Considering the implications of such a curse, the Baron has ordered his minions to find and kidnap Gunderling. With the endless blood supply the hapless man would provide, the Baron would be able to rid himself of his slaves once and for all. The other werebats, unaware that the Baron hates them as much as they hate him, hope that Gunderling's capture will grant them freedom from their master.

At the DM's option, Eyrie has a secondary border (outside its border of winds; see "Confronting the Baron" later in the adventure) that extends 10 miles in all directions. Until the Baron is slain or decides to move on, no one within those borders can escape. Should the PCs attempt to leave before then, they discover that the Mists reappear whenever they move 10 miles from Eyrie. Those entering the mists find themselves emerging a few hours later at the same point at which they entered.

The Vine and Horseshoe

The compound of The Vine and Horseshoe is protected by a circular stockade made of 10' high tree-trunks sharpened at the top. A walkway runs around the circumference, leaving only the head and shoulders of the guards visible. This walkway is reached by ladders spread at regular intervals.

There is only one entrance and exit: the main gate. It is closed at night and is always guarded by at least two men. The guards open the gate at night if they are satisfied that the callers do not present a threat.

Guards (8): AL LN; AC 8; MV 12; F1; hp 8; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 14; leather armor, short sword, dirk, light crossbow.

Sergeants (2): AL LN; AC 7; MV 13; F2; hp 16, 18; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 14; studded leather, battleaxe, dirk, long bow.

The compound of The Vine and Horseshoe consists of 10 buildings, all dominated by the main inn. Stables, bathhouses and latrines, a laundry, and frontier-style longhouses for large groups (mainly used by the caravans which pass through) are all available for the PCs' use. Consult the *Player's Handbook* for prices of these services. The guards have their own separate quarters, which are off-limits to the PCs as well as to the other guests.

The DM should feel free to create a map and additional description for The Vine and Horseshoe if the PCs are likely to spend much time there. Unless they balk at the prospect of saving Gunderling, however, they should remain for only one night.

The Inn and Taproom

You find yourselves before a square, four-story structure, solidly made of brick, with high wooden gables. A painted sign hanging over the door depicts a grapevine wound around a horseshoe. Many windows dot the walls, but only those on the first floor are lit. Shadowy silhouettes move upon the unpolished glass.

Inside, the cool air gives way to blasting heat. A raging fire burns in the fireplace. Patrons sit at long oak tables. Their benches are upholstered with faded red cloth. The decor knows no restraint: plates, paintings, empty vases, and other bric-a-brac cover every square inch of the walls and mantelpiece.

The few patrons give each of you a casual once-over, but they do not let your arrival interrupt their conversations or their drinking. A dark wooden bar gleams at you from the other end of the room. Behind the bar stands a man looking at you with a surprised smile.

The inn's owner, Gustaf, is a skinny man who is only too happy to serve the adventurers. Since the inn has had few caravans pass by lately, he makes most of his money from the rare travelers who tumble in. This late in the season, and with the recent kidnappings, Gustaf has fared quite poorly. The sight of the PCs cheers him, especially if they look wealthy.

Gustaf gladly serves the PCs dinner and forces numerous samples of liquor upon them. And, of course, he offers any of his six guest suites, all of which are meant for richer clientele from the cities, for a mere 2 gp per night. He reluctantly admits that he has 12 "poorer" rooms, "unfit for great persons such as yourselves," at a cost of 6 sp per night. He also has 120 crude beds in the longhouses out back, for a copper per night. Only the poorest of travelers accept the latter option, for (the reasonable) fear of fleas and other pests.

Gustaf: AL LN; AC 9; MV 12; F4; hp 28; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 14, D 15, C 14, I 10, W 16, Ch 16; ML 14; dagger. Proficiencies: brewing.

Gustaf keeps a club behind the bar, just in case things get out of hand.

After the party has had time to sit and eat in the taproom of The Vine and Horseshoe, read or paraphrase the following:

The fire provides a warm, contenting glow as you sit in the taproom. The regular patrons, while not openly friendly, seem comfortable in your presence.

One mousy-looking man sits by himself in a corner. He keeps his back to the wall. His eyes, hidden behind wire-rimmed spectacles, constantly flick from the door, to your group, to the rest of the room. His clothes also seem somewhat out-of-place. He wears a tweed coat and a frilly white shirt. Despite their quality, his clothes are frayed around the edges.

The man takes quick, nervous sips from his drink and licks his lips apprehensively.

If asked, Gustaf says that the man is Mikel Gunderling, a foreigner staying here for the evening. If the PCs do not start a conversation with Mikel themselves, he rises and nervously asks to join them. If the PCs refuse, he goes upstairs to his room. If they agree, then he is very thankful. After introductions and a little small talk, he tells his story:

"I hope you will excuse me for my forwardness, but I am in dire need of aid. I only recently escaped to the safety of this hamlet and its well-lit rooms. I have been traveling for many days now, living in utter fear!"

Here he stops to sip from his drink. His eyes are wild and frightened.

"I am a solicitor by trade. I worked for many years in my home city of Il Aluk, where I was a chief prosecutor for the city government. Not long ago, my wife fell sick and died. I was overwhelmed with grief and my work suffered. Since I could not work effectively, I decided to ride through the countryside for a few weeks, as I often did during my youth. "One night, I awoke to find myself surrounded by a strange fog. Frightened, I tried to stay awake all night, but I fell asleep toward dawn. I awoke a short time later to find

that the terrain was different from the night before.

"I had been lost before, but not like this. As time passed and I continued on, I realized that not only was I far away from my home, but also I was being followed."

"I would hear it in the night: whispering, just beyond the light of my fire. I would call to whatever it was, but it would not answer. Night after night this happened. The mysterious intruder never attacked me, but I always knew it was there, unseen and patient.

"Finally, I could take no more. I began to ride as fast I could, hoping to outpace it. I would ride all night, stopping only at noontime to sleep a few hours by a river, or in the forest. But I could not evade it.

"Just tonight, it made its will known. As I came down the road, I saw the lights of the town and knew that salvation was at hand. But it must have guessed my intentions, for suddenly I heard a hiss and saw a dark shape fall upon my horse. As I leapt away, I saw the shape wrestling with my steed and heard my horse's agonized screams. In that moment, I grabbed my pack and ran down the hill to the safety of this inn."

He calms a bit, looking again towards the door. "My friends, I need your help. Please allow me to join you to wherever you are going. There is safety in numbers. Only this way can I avoid whatever has been following me."

Mikel Gunderling: AL N; AC 6; MV 12; W5; hp 9; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; S 11, D 16, C 15, I 16, W 14, Ch 16; ML 11; dagger +1, ring of protection +2. Spells: *charm person*, *magic missile* (x2), *protection from evil*, *invisibility*, *levitate*; *vampiric touch*. Regenerates 3 hp per day.

Gunderling wears a *ring of undetectable lying*, which functions as the reversed 4th-level priest spell, *detect lie*. It operates continuously.

While Gunderling is not intentionally lying, what he says is not the whole truth either. He believes this version of the story, though his own memory has changed to shield him from the horror of his own past.

While the nighttime pursuit did happen in the near past, the earlier events occurred long ago. Gunderling left Il

Aluk over 50 years ago and has been traveling ever since. His wife died not of sickness but of old age. And he left Il Aluk not out of grief, but because he was chased out by his neighbors, who feared he had delved into dark magic to keep himself forever young.

As a solicitor in his homeland, Gunderling was extremely zealous in his work as a prosecutor. Within his first five years at the job, he had obtained over 300 convictions. Thieves, murderers, and worse all met the hangman as a result of Gunderling's devotion to his job. Whether they were guilty or not did not concern him, and eventually he never questioned the justice of his decisions, only their effectiveness in gaining convictions—and executions. Gradually his pride in his work became a cold, hateful devotion to death.

One fateful day, Gunderling stood in the audience before the town scaffold, eagerly awaiting the result of another of his victories. This time the accused was a Vistani pickpocket, sentenced to a punishment far beyond his crime. As the hangman fitted the noose about the thief's neck, the condemned man spotted Gunderling and pronounced a curse against his prosecutor. Gunderling would never know that which he so freely gave: death. The powers of Ravenloft answered the Vistani's cry.

Gunderling is profoundly confused about his condition, as his wife's death caused a great deal of repression within his mind. He doesn't realize the amount of time that has passed; if pressed, he can give only vague accounts of his (distant) past. Note that while he is immune to disease and old age, and has regenerative ability, he can be killed like any other man by being reduced to 0 hp (or -10 hp, if that optional rule is used). His wizard abilities are the result of a hobby he kept while he was a lawyer; they have been honed after many years on the road, with its subsequent dangers.

If the PCs do not let him join, Gunderling casts *charm person* to sway one of the more popular PCs. If they are agreeable, however, Gunderling arranges to meet them tomorrow morning, then he goes up to his room.

A bit of a coward, Gunderling attempts to keep his magical talents secret and lets the PCs take the brunt of any combat. He lets his powers show only in an emergency (though most likely he will not have an opportunity

to demonstrate those powers until after the PCs rescue him).

Kidnapped

Whether Gunderling joins or not, the PCs should eventually settle down for a night's rest, either at the inn, in the longhouses, or in the woods outside the palisade. The following encounter occurs regardless of where the PCs stay. The DM may need to alter this description if the PCs post a guard or set traps to alert them to intruders.

You fall into a deep and uncomfortable sleep. Visions of vague figures swooping through a chilly mist trouble your mind. Suddenly, a cold draft whips across your body, and you wake to see a horror standing over you. You catch only a quick glimpse of thin, fleshy wings, the moonlight tracing every vein and capillary through them, before you realize that you are being attacked!

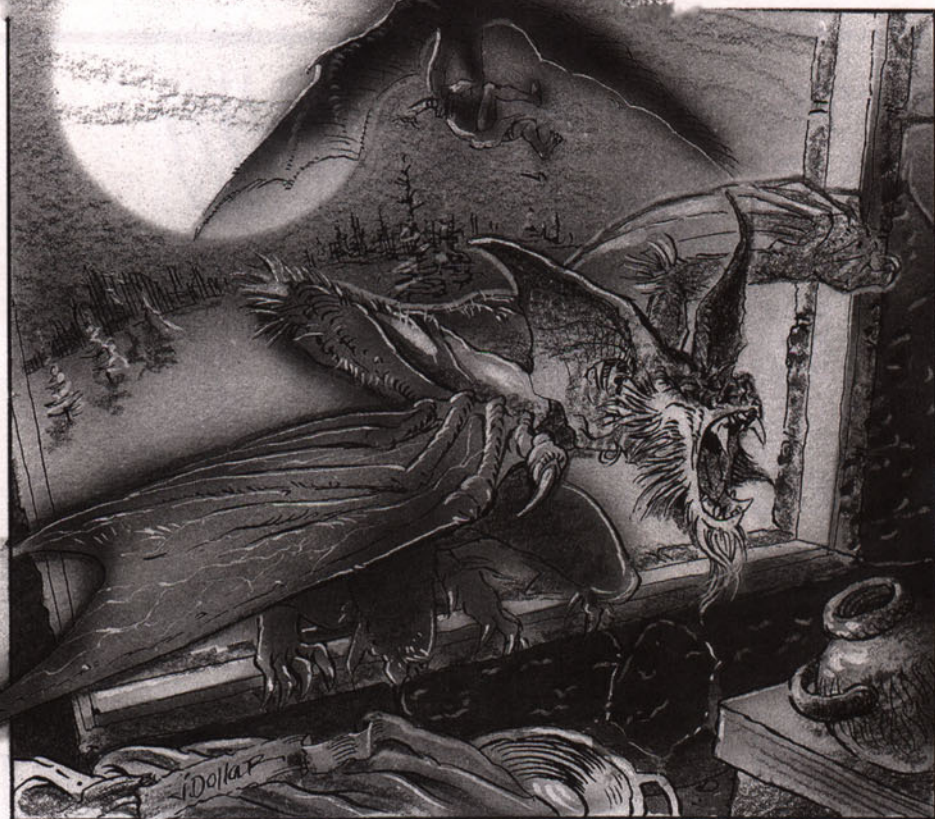
The intruders are Jerzi and Pyetr, two of the werebats of Eyrie.

Remember that unless the PCs are extra-paranoid, they should have few if any weapons or armor on them, but they probably have some close nearby. Knowing this, the werebats attempt to grapple and wrestle instead of attacking from a distance. Each also carries two scrolls of *dispel magic* (cast at 10th level) to deal with any wizard locks.

Jerzi, Pyetr, and Liza (infected werebats): INT average; AL NE; AC 5; MV 9, fly 15 (D); HD 4+2 hp 25, 24; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1-4/1-4/2-8; SA nil; SD silver or +1 or better magical weapon needed to hit; MR nil; SZ M; ML 12; XP 420; MM/233.

If the PCs are staying in the same room as Gunderling, the werebats' goal is to capture Mikal. They do so as quickly as possible, escaping with their prey rather than fighting the PCs.

If Gunderling is alone, Jerzi and Pyetr still attack the PCs. In this case, however, the fight is simply a diversion while a third werebat, Liza, captures the immortal solicitor. After three rounds, Pyetr and Jerzi disengage and escape through the room's window. Seconds later, the PCs hear a commotion and see Mikel Gunderling's silhouette against the moon, caught in the clutches of a monstrous bat.



The Chase

The clamor awakens the whole population of The Vine and Horseshoe. No one is able to sleep after the kidnapping. Only a few of the guards have any clues: they saw the werebats with Gunderling heading to the northeast. The PCs may set off at once, or they may wait until morning. Regardless, the werebats elude them. No one from The Vine and Horseshoe volunteers to aid in any rescue mission. However, Gustaf encourages the PCs by offering a bounty of 300 gp for every "accursed man-bat head."

Also, any priest or druid who *speaks with animals* with any of the forest creatures can learn that "the nasty bat-things" live by the lake in the next valley.

The forest is thick and tall. The trail leads north, up, and then down a hill that is too steep for horses. At the bottom of the northern side, however, the forest thins and becomes grassy.

A blue lake lies further north and, beyond that, a wall of churning mist. It is in this valley that the massive flying island known as Eyrie has come to rest.

Eyrie

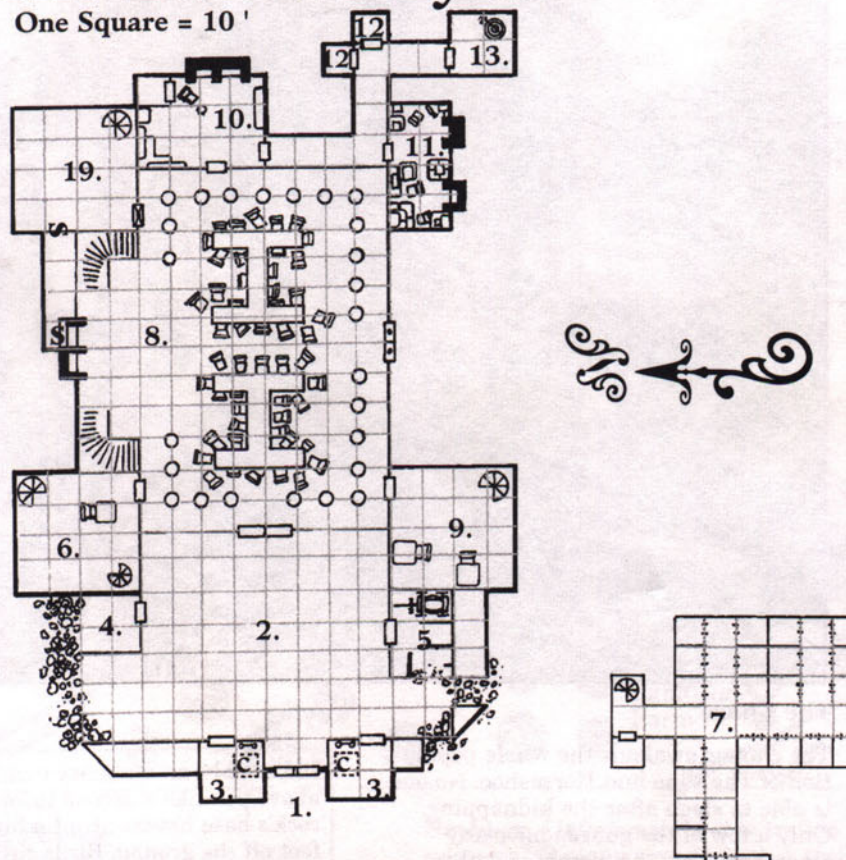
Impossibly, an immense rock floats above you like a second moon. The rock's base hovers about a hundred feet off the ground. Birds circle about it, vanishing when they cross the many shadows upon the stony surface, only to reappear as they cross the pale granite or the scant vegetation clinging among the crags.

The most impressive feature of the rock is the ruined castle imbedded in the gray stone. Resembling the talons of some twisted raptor, it is almost indistinguishable from the rock in which it sits. Dark rafters stick out into the air like rotten teeth, evidence that there were many connected outbuildings which either fell or were ripped away when the castle became airborne. Black stains on the rock and stone tell the tale of more than one fire. The windows are thin and long, and none shed light.

The castle, Eyrie Keep by name, was once located in a strategic pass in the Khalkist Mountains on the continent of Ansalon on Krynn. Originally built and inhabited by the Knights of Solamnia, it long resisted the forces of darkness in

The Baron's Eyrie

One Square = 10'



the War of the Lance. Toward the end of the war, to prevent it from falling into enemy hands, the Keep was transformed into a Flying Citadel. The effort was futile, however, as even the airborne fortress could not withstand the assault of the dark armies. Eventually overrun and sacked, it was left in the care of a particularly wicked Dragon Highlord named Kravon.

Since the loss of his own red dragon steed earlier in the war, Kravon burned for revenge against all those he blamed for her death. Unfortunately for those who fell under the shadow of Eyrie, he blamed every living creature he could capture. With the few soldiers and draconions left in his command, Kravon became a scourge of Ansalon, murdering and torturing all who could not escape the advance of his flying fortress. His orders became repellent even to his jaded and cruel lieutenants, but those who questioned him were put to the same fate as his victims. Eventually, a

failed insurrection and mass desertions left Kravon alone on his fortress, his only companions the corpses of his victims. Kravon's fall was not yet complete, however, and Eyrie drifted through a misty valley, emerging at dawn within the demiplane of dread.

Within a month of Eyrie's arrival, a werebat and his minions spotted the amazing flying citadel and investigated it. Finding only a single living human within the fortress, the werebats were amazed to hear the self-proclaimed "Dragonlord" order them to swear obedience to himself and a dark goddess of whom they had never heard. The werebat leader's response was not what the madman expected, and, after a brief struggle, the werebats were the sole occupants of Eyrie.

Delighted with the discovery of a new and marvelous lair, the werebat leader called himself Baron of this new demesne. After exploring the place thoroughly with his minions, he decided to

fly down to the land for his evening feeding . . . only to discover that he was trapped within the fortress' boundaries. In slaying the mad Dragonlord, the Baron had taken the curse of Eyrie upon himself.

The whole of the Keep and the rock around it constitutes a rough hemisphere. This sum is the "Eyrie." The Baron is the lord of his demesne, but he is also trapped by it.

Closing the borders is the limit of the Baron's control over Eyrie. When he desires, a powerful wind begins blowing all around Eyrie keep, preventing any creature from leaving. The Baron himself cannot range even to those borders, as he is bound to the keep itself. The course of Eyrie's travel, to the Baron's endless frustration, is random and indeterminable. In fact, it almost seems to read his mind and go wherever the Baron least desires. On occasions such as now, Eyrie ceases its wandering through the Mists to hover above a land for a few days before moving on.

The rock around the Keep is filled with many shallow tunnels and nesting nooks. Many winged creatures, such as bats, crows, hawks, and vultures, roost here. An occasional harpy tries to make a home in the rock as well, but it is more often than not slain by the werebats soon after, as the two races have a vehement hatred of each other.

There is a 5% chance per round of anyone climbing or flying near the rockface of Eyrie of being attacked by any of these creatures.

Most fearsome, however, are the giant spiders that dwell on Eyrie's underside. Here, they spin near-invisible webs between pinnacles of rock, ensnaring anything that flies by. When a spider feels the tell-tale tremor of prey striking its line, it springs from its shadowy hiding hole and delivers its poison. Sometimes, when Eyrie passes close enough to the ground, the spiders even shoot lines to the ground and reel in unfortunate cattle, deer, or solitary peasants. Anyone climbing, levitating, or otherwise situated within 30' of the underside has a 20% chance per round of becoming trapped in a web, and a 50% chance per round of being set upon by 1-2 giant spiders.

The werebats give this area a wide berth. Luckily, the spiders rarely roam elsewhere on Eyrie, as their sensitive eyes prefer the darkness of Eyrie's underside.

Giant Spiders (12): INT non-; AL N; AC 4; MV 3, web 12; HD 3+3; hp 18; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA poison, victims must save vs. poison or die; SZ S; ML 7; XP 420; MM/326.

How the party manages to reach Eyrie's surface is an adventure in itself. The simplest way would be to have someone cast *fly* or *levitate* to reach the Keep (being cautious of the spiders) and lower a long rope. The DM is urged to review the section on climbing in the *PHB*.

Escaping Eyrie is a little easier. Since the northern half of Eyrie's globe rests over the lake, brave PCs may make the 100' leap into the waters. The lake is deep enough, but too much armor and treasure may not stop a PC's descent after he hits the water (see rules for drowning in the *PHB*). If the PCs are especially strong, the DM might also throw in a few scraggs for fun.

The Keep

Unless otherwise stated, there are no lights within the Keep, as the werebats are accustomed to maneuvering in darkness. All of the infected werebats (Jerzi, Liza, and Pyetr) are able to assume human and hybrid forms; only the two true werebats, the Baron and El Aviator (the false Baron), can assume human, hybrid, and full bat form.

The infected werebats sleep most of the day in human form and awaken at sunset. At night, they change into hybrid form unwillingly and remain so until dawn; this action takes one round. A PC must undergo a horror check the first time that he witnesses such a transformation. These werebats are under the control of their master, the Baron. However, he usually allows them to act as they wish, unless he needs them for some task (such as combat or fetching his dinner).

Also, for the purposes of this adventure, it is assumed that the two true werebats, both spellcasters, can cast spells while in human and hybrid forms but not as full bats. They cannot cast spells while airborne.

The Keep itself is not alive, nor is it haunted in the conventional sense. The Keep merely contains within its walls the mental energy of all of the souls of those who have been slain throughout the years—including the knights and warriors who first inhabited the Keep. This energy manifests itself in voices,

visions, and other happenings. These events are not the work of undead, nor do they possess consciousness. All are harmless.

1. The Main Entrance. To enter or exit the courtyard through this gate, the party must pass under the raised portcullis. It is locked in the open position, so there is no danger of the gate falling. Two immense wooden doors on the courtyard side of the portcullis are split open as if struck by a powerful ram. In fact, this whole area shows signs of extreme stress and wear.

There is a small tower on either side of the gate.

2. The Courtyard.

This open-air area has long been deserted. Black weeds grow from cracks in the cobblestones; a few ravens' nests can be seen in the battlements of the walls. Sections of the walkway and the wall itself have collapsed. Parts of the southern wall have fallen, and to the north, masonry and timber yawn into space, remains of warehouses that were destroyed.

A massive pair of well-polished iron doors are set within an ornate arch on the eastern wall, allowing access into the castle itself. Small doors on either side of the portcullis lead into the gatetowers.

The courtyard is heavy with silence.

Underneath about six inches of dusty topsoil lie the bones of dozens of soldiers, all slain in the Keep's last great battle. Here and there, a few femurs and ribs poke up from the ground, but they are recognizable for what they are only on close inspection.

The doors of the main entrance are unlocked and move silently on hinges enchanted with a permanent *grease* spell. Only if closed again do the doors make any noise; in this case, a dull clang. Around the arch is strange writing, decorated with pictures of knights, thorny roses, and crowns. PCs from Krynn recognize the script around the door as Solamnic. Others can use *comprehend languages* to read the writing; it simply tells of various good deeds done by the Knights in relation to the Keep. It also tells of the building of the Keep and its objective of keeping the ogres of the Khalkist Mountains at bay.

If the PCs decide to walk along the battlements, there is a 5% chance per

round that the section they are walking upon gives way. PCs must make Dexterity checks or fall to the courtyard, suffering 2–12 hp damage.

3. The Gatehouse. The ground floor of each gatetower is empty. A ladder leads through a trapdoor to the top floor, which is similar in all respects except that there are arrow slits in all of the walls. A narrow catwalk, which passes next to the portcullis and its mechanisms, connects the twin towers.

The gears of the portcullis are kept well-oiled by Pyetr, at the Baron's command. A lever releases the lock to drop it, while a series of pulleys connected to a wheel raises it. Raising the heavy gate is hard work; a combined Strength of 50 is needed to turn the massive wheel.

4. Storehouse.

The northern wall is completely ruined, having crumbled along with the courtyard wall. One can see the forests below and the mountains beyond.

A disgusting odor grows stronger as you approach the lip of the precipice. Looking down, you see a wide ledge about 20' below. On this ledge lies a huge mass of rotting offal: stinking flesh and muscle twisted around cracked bones and the arches of ribcages. Worms grope among the skulls, while a solitary vulture sits atop the mass and stares blankly at you.

All PCs looking upon this nauseating vision must make horror checks. This is where the werebats dump their victims after they have drained them of their blood to the brink of death. No victim actually dies from the bloodletting since the Baron does not want any more "children" around; their throats are cut before they are thrown onto the pile below.

This area is also home to members of a heretofore unknown variety of ghoul, lurking in the cracks and crevices of the rock around the refuse pile. They attack if the PCs linger for more than five rounds.

Winged Ghouls (5): INT low; AL CE; AC 6; MV 9, fly 15 (C); HD 2; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1–3/1–3/1–6; SA non-elven victims must save vs. paralysis or be frozen for 1d6+2 rounds; SD immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells;

SZ M; ML 11; XP 175; MM/131 (modified).

These creatures are like regular ghouls in all respects, except that they have immense bat-wings sprouting from their shoulders. They compete with Eyrie's vulture population, as well as other winged scavengers, for the carrion; as the werebats drink blood, they and the ghouls have little reason to quarrel.

5. The Stables.

Stepping across the fragments of the wooden double-door, you enter a large room which was obviously once the stables. Wooden stalls line three walls, and harnesses and tackle hang from hooks. In the northeast corner sits a perfectly preserved riding carriage. Part of the ceiling of the western-most end of the stables has collapsed.

A fine, reeking dirt covers the floor, and you hear a rustling sound from above.

The ceiling is the home of a swarm of bats. The bats are harmless, though, if they are spooked by noise or sudden movement, their mass exodus out the door is bound to scare the PCs. These bats are under the power of the werebats and respond to their commands; they never attack their masters.

Horse and mule skeletons can be found under the dirt (actually guano) in some of the stalls. The remnants of a blacksmith's shop, including the forge and an anvil, can be found under the partially collapsed ceiling. The carriage is empty save for a large bag hidden under one of the seats. In the bag are 33 gp, 120 sp, a potion of *heroism*, and 10 arrows +1. Jerzi and Liza are aware of this bag (see area 16), but they have left it here to recover later, once the Baron has been deposed.

Bat swarm (100): INT animal; AL N; AC 8 (4 out of doors); MV 1, fly 24; HD 1-2 hp; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA extinguishes torches (1% chance per bat per round), confuses spellcasting (Wisdom roll required to cast spells), inhibits combat (all suffer a -2 THAC0); SZ T; ML 2; XP 15; MM/15.

The infected werebats (Jerzi, Liza, and Pyetr) sleep here. Their form is human in all respects save for their feet, which remain as claws. While asleep, they hang from the ceiling with the normal bats. Any commotion which

disturbs the bats also awakens the werebats.

6. Barracks, First Floor. This room is empty except for a small table, a chair, and a bare weapons rack. A spiral staircase in the southwest corner leads down, while a similar one in the northeast corner leads to the floor above.

7. Brig.

Down the gloomy stairs and beyond an empty doorway, a low tunnel stretches into the distance. Niches in the entranceway for hinges show that a door once hung here but has since been removed. A ring of keys hangs on the wall at the foot of the stairs. On each side of the hallway, massive bars line the sides that face the corridor, while the cells are divided from each other by stone walls.

The air is surprisingly dry and warm. Light dust makes up for the absence of mildew and slime.

The western-most cell holds what appears to be a bruised and tired Mikel Gunderling, who is very appreciative of any rescue. This Gunderling, however, is actually a doppelganger prisoner of the Baron's, who saw the real Mikel briefly and has assumed his form. A true craven, he does anything to be freed, and having accomplished that, to get back to the ground and escape into the forest. He fights only if cornered.

Doppelganger: INT very; AL N; AC 5; MV 9; HD 4; hp 22; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-12; SA surprise; SD immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells, saves as a 10th-level fighter; SZ M; ML 13; XP 420; MM/60.

The rest of the cells are clean and in working order; there are 20 in all. The northern-most cell (right by the stairs) is actually the soldiers' toilet, entered through a small wooden door.

8. Grand Hall.

You step into a colossal hall. Far above your heads, a cathedral ceiling vaults away into shadow. The heels of your boots, the clink of your metal, and the creak of your leather all echo through the vast and patient silence. Smoldering logs softly pop in an enormous fireplace centered in the north wall. Heavy wax candles

placed in sconces along the wall give off a soft glow.

Broad stairways to either side of the fireplace lead upward to a balcony above the hall; doorways can be glimpsed along the balcony, presumably leading to other apartments. Doors to the left and right of the main entrance can lead only into the northwestern and southern towers; there is also a door set in the middle of the hall's east wall. A set of barred double-doors are set in the south wall. These are covered with runes which have been defaced by a knife or chisel.

Two very long, solid oak tables sit at each end of the room, with a shorter table between them; all are surrounded by matching ladder-back chairs. Faded tapestries, surprisingly free of dust, line every other available piece of wall space. They depict charging knights, embattled dragons, and human victories over ogres and minotaurs.

The barred doors to the south originally led to a chapel, but it fell away during Eyrie's birth; they now lead to a narrow lip of rock outside, which the werebats use as a landing pad. The runes, written in Solamnic, were holy words scratched away by the invading Dragonarmies.

A secret door in the back of the fireplace leads to area 19. No one but the Baron himself knows of it.

If the PCs closely examine the northeast corner of the room, they discover a bricked up doorway on the east wall which originally led to the south tower (area 19). The masonry work is near flawless, causing the doorway to blend in naturally with the surrounding stone.

Dinner is served in the grand hall between midnight and 1 A.M. If the PCs are present during, or interrupt, the meal without attacking, they are invited to join the table. El Aviator sits at the head of the table, consuming large quantities of fruit and sweet wine, while the three infected werebats dine upon bowls of thin blood and undercooked meat. PCs can make a meal of the meat, fruit, and wine, but anyone who drinks the blood "soup" must make a successful Constitution check or become ill (suffering a -2 penalty to Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution for 2d8 hours).

The werebats see the PCs as a possible solution to their problem, and so they are polite and make small talk, avoiding any sensitive issues like the kidnapping of Mikal Gunderling. In fact, they simply ignore questions about Gunderling, acting as if they know nothing about him. If asked about Eyrie keep itself, they answer more-or-less candidly, making sure never to refer to the true Baron as anything other than the cook. Their hope is that the PCs will discover the true baron on their own, since the werebats are unable to act directly against their master. Their resulting behavior is very odd indeed, as they do not want the PCs to leave, but neither can they encourage them against the baron!

Despite their apparent civility, the werebats' eating habits are sure to unsettle the PCs, as El Aviator ravenously devours his meal, biting savagely into the fruit and sucking the juice noisily from the husk. Pyetr, Liza, and Jerzi are even more disgusting, lapping the blood from their bowls with their quick, long, bat-like tongues. They eat their meat somewhat less unpleasantly, tearing long strips with their teeth before swallowing them with two or three fast jerks of their heads.

Throughout conversation, the lesser werebats address El Aviator as "Baron," and he graciously nods in acknowledgment, though he speaks only when spoken to, and then as briefly as possible before resuming his meal. He carries himself with an air of royalty.

After dinner, El Aviator immediately retires to area 22 (by going outside to the courtyard and turning into bat form), while Jerzi and Liza proceed to area 16. Pyetr clears the dishes.

Pyetr is the newest addition to the werebat family. Having been infected for only two years, he is still wide-eyed and naive to the ways of lycanthropy.

A bit of a coward, Pyetr simply follows orders and does his chores, reacting with apathy to the Baron's victims and with awe toward the Baron himself. Because of his master's tight-fisted control, he is unable to furnish any information that might reveal the Baron as being the Keep's cook. He is also prevented from mentioning where Mikal Gunderling is being kept. A fast-taking PC might be able to fluster Pyetr (with appropriate role-playing and a successful Charisma check) into accidentally referring to the werebat at dinner as

"El Aviator." If pressed on the issue, Pyetr explains that "El Aviator" is what the servants call the Baron. Those watching him carefully can see that he is lying (on a successful Wisdom check).

During the day Pyetr appears as a skinny man in his 30s, with an ever-present stubble of beard. He prefers to dress in black. At night, Pyetr becomes a thin, muscular werebat with wiskery cheeks.

Pyetr (infected werebat): INT average; AL NE; AC 5; MV 9, fly 15 (D); HD 4+2 hp 24; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/2d4; SD silver or +1 or better magical weapon needed to hit; SZ M; ML 12; XP 420; MM/233.

In a belt pouch, Pyetr keeps 9 gp, 27 sp, and a small gem (value determined by the DM).

9. Officers' Tower, First Floor.

This level of the tower is empty save for two desks and matching chairs. All of the desk drawers are empty. A spiral stair in the southeastern corner leads upward.

10. Kitchen. If it is night, the DM should read aloud or paraphrase the following:

You have entered what must be the castle kitchen. Along the eastern wall is a large fireplace. The fire burns low; a large stack of firewood sits on the hearth ready to feed it. Polished ladles, knives, pots, and pans hang from hooks on the wall. Oranges, apples, pears, and many other fruits hang in mesh bags from hooks in the ceiling. You wonder where so much fruit could have come from in this chilly climate.

Looking very out-of-place, stacks of books cover nearly every available inch of counter space. At a glance, the topics appear to range from cookbooks to novels to travelogues of strange places. More than a few of the titles are in foreign languages. Around and on top of these books are many sheaves of paper, some fresh, others yellow and cracked. They contain notes, letters, posters, and shopping lists.

Before the fire, his chair leaning back against the pantry door, is a large bearded man in a stained apron. His feet are propped up on a stool and he is reading a book. He looks up and says, "Go on, get out of my kitchen." Without awaiting your

response, he returns his eyes to the book with an expression of deep concentration.

This is the real Baron. He is a true werebat and master of the three infected lycanthropes. In the years since he inherited the curse of Eyrie, the Baron has developed certain strategies to keep would-be deposeders unaware of his identity. The main indirection is that the Baron prefers to appear not as the lord of the Keep, but rather as its cook. For all intents and purposes, he is indeed the cook, preparing a daily meal (served exactly at midnight) to supply the diet of blood, meat, and—in the case of El Aviator—fruit, that all of the werebats need. The Baron uses El Aviator (who came to the Keep as a hitchhiker from a tropical realm through which Eyrie once passed) as a dupe, allowing him to pretend to be the castle's lord to misdirect any enemies. The three infected werebats are too afraid of their true master to reveal the truth.

The Baron always takes his meals in the kitchen, and he also sleeps here in human form during the day. He has good reason not to leave: Mikal Gunderling is chained and gagged within the pantry. With Gunderling in his clutches, he no longer must depend on his servants to bring him sustenance.

He is hard to engage in conversation, but if the mood strikes him (i.e., the PCs act in a friendly manner), he makes jokes and small talk for no other reason than to propagate the facade. He pretends to having no knowledge of Mikal Gunderling, suggesting only that the PCs should ask the Baron. The book he is reading is a gothic romance about a haunted (but otherwise normal) castle.

If the PCs attack the Baron or try to win past him to the pantry, refer to "Confronting the Baron" below.

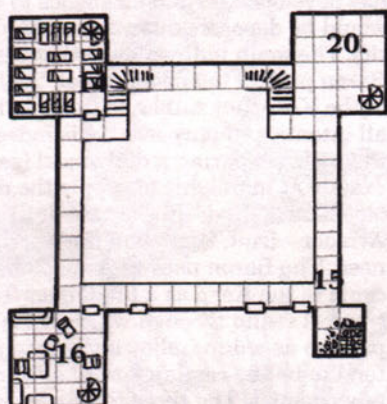
11. Servants' Quarters. This small room was enough for eight servants, and it was made cozy by the heat of two fireplaces. Now the room is used as storage for kitchen supplies, furniture, and other mundane items. One of the chimneys collapsed when Eyrie was ripped free of its mountain, but the western one is still clear. The chimney is 20' high but the 2' x 3' space makes it a tight squeeze to crawl through. Rain trickling down the chimney has made the room cold and damp.

The Baron's Eyrie

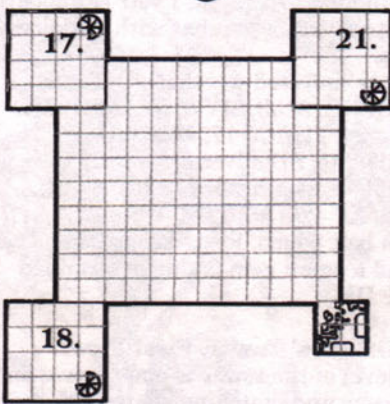
One Square = 10'



Tower



Second Floor



Third Floor

12. Servant's Latrine. Divided into men's and women's.

13. Well. A 3'-high brick well sits in the southeastern corner of this square room. It is 4' across and originally led down to an underground river, but now it leads to Eyrie's underside. On the floor next to the well sits a dust-covered bucket, attached to a collapsed crank mechanism by a 100' length of rope. A thin film of web lines the well. If anyone disturbs the web, a swarm of large spiders from the underside spills forth and attacks within one round. They enter at a rate of three per round.

Large Spiders (9): INT low; AL CE; AC 8; MV 6, web 15; HD 1+1; hp 5; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA Type A poison, with offset time of 15 minutes, victims must save vs. poison (with +2 to the roll) or suffer 15 hp damage; SZ S; ML 7; XP 175; MM/326.

Fortunately, the well is too narrow to allow any full-grown spiders into the Keep.

14. Barracks, Second Floor.

The contents of this square room consist of sixteen bunk beds, four along each wall. The beds are in excellent condition, although they are thickly covered with dust. The spiral stair in the northeastern corner continues upward.

A flickering flash of green livery catches your eye, but when you spin to see what it is, it is gone. From the other corner of your eye, you glimpse a mustachioed man in scale armor; looking there, you see nothing.

Other quick visions assault the PCs while in this room, but they never remain long enough to make out what they are. They are simply the Keep's "memories" of the men and women who once lived here. They cannot harm the PCs other than by making them jumpy and nervous.

There are two chests underneath each set of beds; all are unlocked and empty.

15. Balcony and Guests' Quarters.

Most of the doorways on this level once led to the apartments of visiting royalty or the high-ranking guests of the Solamnic knights. However, all of the apartments crumbled away during Eyrie's ascension into the sky; now these doorways only open onto thin air, or at best the remains of a floor and a few dangling bricks. All doors on the level are locked.

As the PCs wander along the balcony, large *magic mouths* slowly appear and disappear at random places on the walls; they do nothing except broadly grin at the PCs. These are the ghostly remnants of a spell

once cast by a white robed wizard who often visited the keep. He amused other guests with this alteration long before the keep became a flying citadel, and their lingering effect is simply another way in which the keep "remembers" its former residents. The PCs, however, are free to imagine much more sinister purposes behind the mouths.

In the southeastern corner of the level is a collapsed staircase, crushed under the weight of the fallen floor of the chamber above. It is an easy guess that the stairs originally led to the Keep's library, since above the PCs' heads there are two oak bookshelves bolted to the south and east walls. The bottom edges of the bookshelves are 12' above the floor of the balcony. Beyond the top of the bookshelves is a peaked roof; brass lanterns which once provided light for library-goers still hang from chains hooked to the rafters.

The bookshelves hold much of their original contents: books, maps, and scrolls (or at least whatever hasn't been picked over by the Baron). Unfortunately, as there is little along the walls for purchase, they can be accessed only by *spider climbing*, *levitation*, or similar means. A careful search among the shelves provides some interesting resources, including a scroll of *protection from shapeshifters* folded within the pages of a book of Ansalonian History. (DMs with the *Tales of the Lance* boxed set or other DRAGONLANCE resources may wish to describe other books likely to have come from that world.) Another thick book has been hollowed out by Jerzi to hold his private stash of treasure, which includes 2 ep, 33 gp, and 50 cp, as well as a *ring of feather falling*.

16. Officers' Tower, Second Floor (Liza's Office). This room, once the bunkhouse of the Keep's officers, has been converted into an office. It is here that Liza, with Jerzi's help, maintains meticulous track of the finances and records that come from the frequent raids the werabats conduct on passing villages. Everything down to the last copper piece is recorded. Liza, if not at dinner or sleeping, is always here, scribbling away as best as she can in her hybrid form. If she is in, read or paraphrase the following:

You enter a dark room, lit only by the glow of a single candle sitting on a massive desk. Thick books and papers cover the surface of the desk, as well as those of a few chairs and stools placed at random about the room. Behind the desk, a gnomish creature looks at you through thick glasses. Suddenly, it smiles a toothy grin, and you realize that it is little more than a giant bat, swaddled in shawls, hunching over an immense ledger. With a wave of its furled wing, it invites you to sit.

Liza is a shrewish woman with high ambitions. Her ultimate goal is to turn Eyrie into a floating citadel filled with legions of werebats, raiding and subsisting off of the humans below. Only the Baron stands in her way. Therefore, she hopes to enlist the aid of the PCs to slay the Baron; unfortunately, like all of the infected werebats, she is compelled never to reveal her master's true identity. Thus, she plans to misdirect the PCs toward El Aviator, the pretender-Baron, doing so by providing them with directions to his tower. (She is at a loss to suggest a way past the wall to area 19, however). Her hope is that if the PCs slay El Aviator, the true Baron will be forced to act against them and be slain in the attempt.

Liza also promises that all treasure found in such a venture will be theirs to keep. She gives no explanation for her actions other than saying, "The Baron is a cruel man who has kept a poor old woman prisoner for too many years." She will also gladly assist PCs in the drafting of any last wills, suggesting this course if none of them think of it.

If the PCs refuse, Liza does whatever is necessary to persuade them. Of course, she has no intention of honoring her agreement, as she and Jerzi plan to kill the PCs after they dispose of the Baron.

Jerzi is also here, perching in the darkness of a windowsill in hybrid form. As a human, Jerzi appears as a 16-year-old boy, but he is in reality over 40. He attacks only if Liza is threatened. Both know where Mikel Gunderling is kept, but they are restrained by their master from revealing the location or any hint of it.

Liza keeps her private stash of treasure in a locked drawer of her desk. It consists of 43 gp, 55 sp, a massive ring

of keys to all of the doors in the Keep, and a vial that is labeled to contain a potion of *healing* but that in actuality contains giant spider venom (Type F poison). A secret drawer under the desk contains her real treasure: two potions of *extra-healing*, a potion of *giant strength*, and a potion of *speed*.

Once the PCs have slain the Baron, Liza keeps the potion of *giant strength* for herself, giving the potion of *speed* to Jerzi. The werebats imbibe the potions before launching their own attack to kill the PCs so that they can claim Eyrie as their own. They also share the potions of *extra-healing* in case they must retreat from the PCs.

A very careful examination (2+ hours) of Liza's ledger reveals that she has been embezzling from the Baron for years. A margin note refers to the hidden sack within the carriage in the stable (see area 5).

17. Barracks, Third Floor. Two windows on each wall allowed the original guards of the Keep to watch the pass below.

Unless the PCs have already confronted and wounded El Aviator from area 22, this room is empty. If El Aviator is here nursing his wounds, he attacks and fights to the death.

18. Officers' Tower, Third Floor. The top level of the tower has eight windows set along the walls, allowing a full view of the Keep, the surrounding environs, and the landscape below Eyrie. A weapon rack equipped with ordinary swords and spears is bolted to the west wall.

A set of field plate armor stands in the northeastern corner of the room, although an armor-hungry PC may not wish to wear it: after the characters have spent a full turn within the room, blood begins to gush from the armor's visor and seams. Anyone seeing this spectacle must make a fear check. The blood stops when everyone has left the room; it vanishes and leaves no mark or stain. The armor does not radiate magic. If removed from the Keep, it ceases its bloody flow and returns to being normal in all respects.

19. Commander's Tower, First Floor. The doorway that originally led between the commander's tower and the grand hall has been sealed with a 2'-thick wall of stone. The false Baron

exits and enters the tower through the crumbled roof on the tower's top floor.

A set of spiral stairs in the southeast corner leads upward.

If the PCs strain their ears, they can hear an urgent conversation between two whispering voices, although the words are unintelligible. Again, this is simply a "psychic impression" of the Keep's long-dead inhabitants, and it is harmless to everything but one's sanity.

20. Commander's Tower, Second Floor. The room is dusty and bare. The spiral staircase continues upward in the southeast corner. Two minotaur skeletons, each wielding a *battleaxe +1*, stand in the northeast and southwest corners. They animate and attack only if they are touched or if an attempt is made to take their weapons. Even if only one is disturbed, they animate simultaneously. The skeletons are creations of El Aviator and obey his commands only.

Minotaur skeletons (2): INT non-; AL N; AC 6; MV 12; HD 6; hp 36; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4 or by weapon; SD immune to cold-based attacks, sharp-edged weapons inflict only half damage; MR immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, *fear* spells; SZ L; ML 20; XP 650; MM/315.

21. Commander's Tower, Third Floor. This windowless room was once the office of the Keep's commander, but it has been converted into the Baron's safe room. Trunks filled with the bulk of his treasure cover the floor, spilling their contents to create a dusty, clinking carpet. There are 2,400 gp, 220 pp, 3,876 gp, 6,120 sp, and 5,518 cp, plus 20 gems (value determined by the DM). Most of this money was taken from the victims of Eyrie; it is what the real Baron uses to finance the Keep and its "employees." There is also a pile of arms and armor, including helms, swords, and shields (10–20 pieces). All are non-magical, except for a buried dwarven-sized suit of *chain mail +2*.

22. Commander's Tower, Fourth Floor.

The peaked roof of the bedroom is twenty feet high; gaping holes in it allow the sky to look through. A four-poster bed, covered in tattered silk sheets, occupies the majority of the room. A wardrobe sits to one

side of the bed. To the other side is a desk and chair. The desk is littered with notes, essays, and books, all of a clerical nature.

An animal-like smell lingers in the air, somewhat different from that you have noticed elsewhere in the castle.

This is the dwelling of El Aviator, the false Baron, who emerges from his room only for dinner. He prefers to sleep by hanging from the rafters in full bat form. If not sleeping, he is in human form.

Once the leader of a tribe of werebats in a distant jungle domain of Ravenloft, El Aviator came to Eyrie to investigate the appearance of this mysterious floating castle over his countryside. Before he could leave, Eyrie disappeared back into the Mists. Cut off from his people and the power that he once possessed, El Aviator descended into megalomania, declaring Eyrie to be his new sovereign realm.

This behavior amused the true Baron and gave him the idea of using El Aviator as a dupe, shielding him from the attacks of would-be assassins. He allowed the mad visitor to presume himself the lord of the castle and took the role of cook for himself, preferring the solitude of his books to the company of his mewling minions and the crazy fruit bat. El Aviator immediately took up residence in the Commander's Tower and began referring to himself as "Baron El Aviator."

El Aviator believes he can control the flight path of Eyrie. (In fact, he has no control of it whatsoever and merely blusters if confronted with that reality.) As nobility, he expects subservience from everyone he encounters, including the other inhabitants of the Keep. Because it fits with the plans of the actual Baron, El Aviator receives that respect from the lesser werebats and, if necessary for appearance, from the Baron himself.

El Aviator is unlike the others in that he is a member of a rare subspecies of tropical werebat. Both his hybrid and true bat forms are much larger than those of a regular werebat (6' hybrid, 3' bat), and his features while in these forms are much more canine in appearance, closely resembling a "flying fox." He does not subsist on a diet of blood as do the other werebats; instead, he requires a steady diet of fruit. This makes him marginally less

temperamental than other werebats, since he doesn't regard humans and other races as food.

El Aviator does not attack unless provoked or if he feels that the PCs are not showing him the proper amount of respect his station deserves. If combat occurs, El Aviator summons the minotaur skeletons from area 20, unless they have already been destroyed. He uses his bedroom's height to full advantage, flying in hybrid form through the holes in the roof, where he perches to cast spells upon the PCs below. Failing that, he attacks physically by dive-bombing his foes. If reduced to fewer than 15 hp, he seeks to escape to area 17.

El Aviator does not know the whereabouts of Mikel Gunderling, nor who or what a "Gunderling" is.

El Aviator (true werebat): AL NE; AC 5; MV 9, fly 15 (D); C6; HD 4+2 hp 34; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/2d4; S 16, D 14, C 16, I 12, W 16, Ch 15; SA 2% per point of damage inflicted that victim contracts lycanthropy; SD silver or +1 or better magical weapon needed to hit; ML 12; XP 420; MM/233;

Spells: *command*, *cure light wounds* (x2), *curse*, *protection from good*; *aid*, *charm person* or *mammal*, *hold person*, *resist fire/cold*, *silence 15'* radius; *animate dead*, *cause disease*.

The false Baron has no personal treasure, since he believes all of the treasure on the floor below to be his.

The wardrobe contains several complete sets of human-sized formal clothing, including a fur cloak and silk suits and robes, (total value of 7,000 gp). A secret drawer in the top of the wardrobe contains miscellaneous jewelry, including jeweled rings and brooches (2–16 pieces worth 100–400 gp each).

Confronting the Baron

The Baron attacks only if he is attacked first or if anyone tries to get past him and into the pantry where Gunderling is kept. Once combat begins, the Baron closes the borders and does not reopen them until everyone is dead or until he has been reduced below 10 hp.

It must be stressed that slaying the Baron is not a prerequisite to completing this adventure. The Baron is a powerful opponent, and in the hands of a good DM he can become a nemesis of terrible proportions. Good villains always stick around for a sequel. However, the PCs must get past him in

order to remove the border-winds which surround Eyrie. If his wounds reduce him to 10 hp or fewer, the border automatically opens until the Baron has regained sufficient strength (in other words, 10+ hp).

The Baron (true werebat): AL N; AC 5; MV 9, fly 15 (D); M7; HD 4+2 hp 30; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/2d4; S 17, D 15, C 17, I 16, W 15, Ch 15; SA 2% per hp damage inflicted that victim contracts lycanthropy; SD silver or +1 or better magical weapon needed to hit; SZ M; ML 12; XP 420; MM/233;

Spells: *charm person*, *chill touch*, *magic missile* (x2), *wall of fog*; *invisibility*, *mirror image*, *web*; *lightning bolt*, *vampiric touch*; *minor globe of invulnerability*.

As the Darklord of Eyrie, the Baron has several unique abilities. First, as noted above, he can close or open the borders at will. Secondly, once per day, he can conjure an *aerial servant* to assist him. If attacked by the PCs, this is the first thing he does. Lastly, the Baron has control over all of the winged, non-fantastical animals of Eyrie. Not only can he hear or see what they are hearing or seeing at any given time, but he can summon 1–10 ravens or 1–2 hawks from the cliffs around the Keep once per round. He can also summon the bat swarm from area 5 in one round. The Baron can take no other actions during that round, and the animals arrive in 1–4 rounds.

Aerial servant: INT semi-; AL N; AC 3; MV 12, fly 24 (A); HD 16 hp 90; THAC0 5; #AT 1; Dmg 8d4; SA victims suffer –5 on surprise rolls, a struck victim needs to roll twice its *bend bars* chance to break the servant's grasp or continue to suffer damage; SD +1 or better weapon needed to hit; SZ L; ML 14; XP 9,000; MM/101.

After summoning his aerial servant, and if it is night, the Baron also calls upon the remaining infected werebats to join him. He forces them to fight to the death (much to their chagrin and dismay), but he has no power over El Aviator. He then uses his avian-summoning abilities and spells against the PCs. If the battle begins to go badly for him and his allies, the Baron tries to maneuver the PCs into the grand hall where, in hybrid form, he can fully utilize his ability to fly.

Among the clutter in the kitchen, four scrolls are being used as bookmarks: *levitation*, *knock*, *transmute rock*

to mud, and Evard's black tentacles, all cast at 9th level. The Baron knows the precise location of each scroll and uses them if his spells run out—and if he can get to them in time.

The Baron is trapped within his domain and cannot fly more than 60' from the surface of Eyrie. If he tries to fly past that point, the border winds sweep him back onto the surface.

The Baron wears a signet ring engraved with his family's crest; a long-tailed bat. The Baron gives up this ring only upon his death. The ring has a 10% chance of being recognized by werebats in future adventures (whether it is a positive or negative reaction is left up to the DM), and the ring has a 25% chance of turning the alignment of any PC who wears it to evil.

If, after they defeat the Baron and his minions, the PCs decide to see what's in the pantry, read the following aloud:

You throw back the door to look upon an awful sight: Mikel Gunderling, stripped of all but his breeches, hanging from shackles in the wall. Sweat glistens on his face as he dangles unconscious from the bonds. A gag has been stuffed into his mouth. Red welts criss-cross his torso and shoulders.

Gunderling is more than thankful for being rescued; however, he is so weak from his ordeal that he is unable to fight, cast spells, or engage in anything more difficult than walking until he has been allowed to rest for at least 12 hours.

Concluding the Adventure

With or without Gunderling, the PCs should eventually return to the surface below, whether by magic, leaping into the lake, or otherwise. Once they have left, read the following:

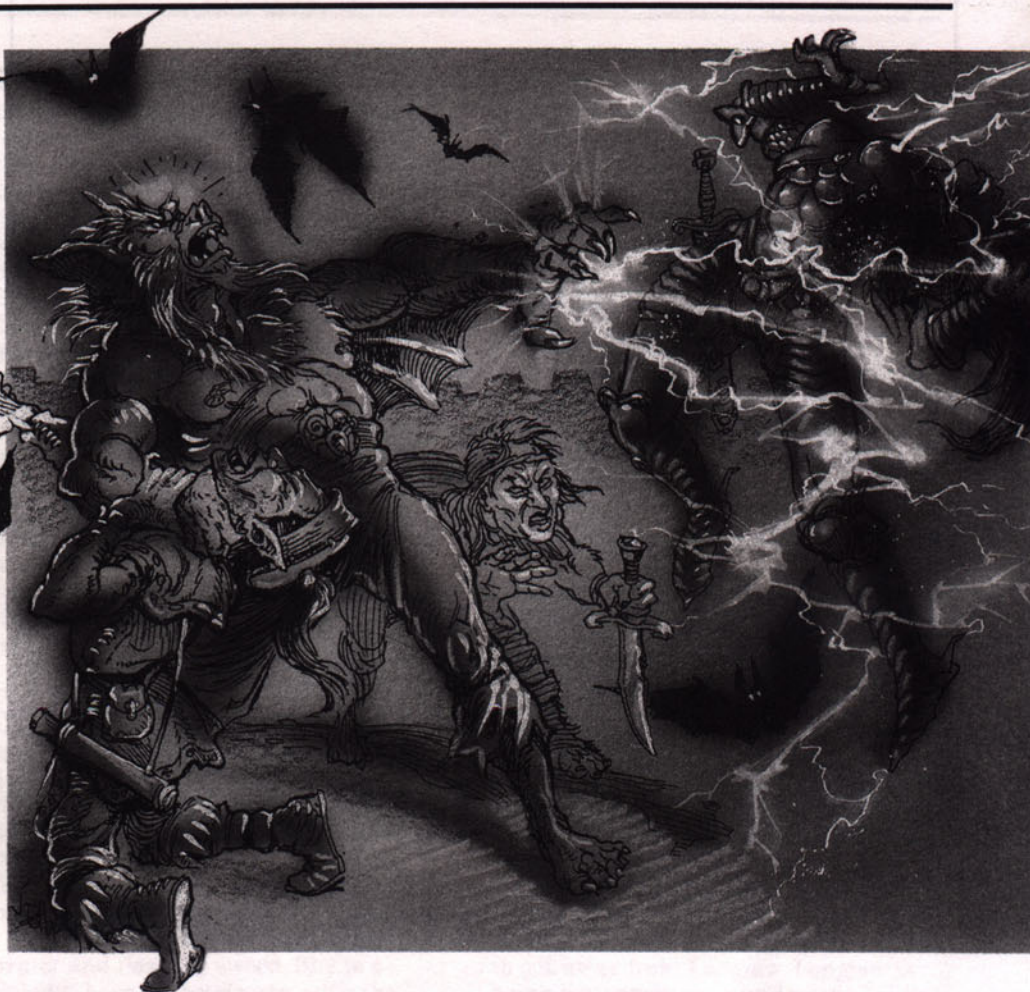
Breathless from your descent, you turn your heads back to the dark globe of Eyrie. As you do an arc of lightning flashes on the north horizon. Like a summons, Eyrie responds and begins moving toward the Mists, leaving its shadow across the white-caps of the lake. The wind picks up. You look around to see the Mists rushing in on all sides. Your last

glimpse of Eyrie before it vanishes in the mist is that of a bolt of lightning striking the tallest tower, blowing huge chunks of masonry into the air. Then it is gone.

The DM should grant a shared story award of 20,000 XP for rescuing Mikel Gunderling, and an additional 10,000 XP if the Baron and all of the werebats were destroyed.

If the Baron was not slain, he continues to haunt the skies, looking for more victims to drain. If Liza or any other of the werebats live on in the wake of the Baron's destruction, Liza's dream of a floating werebat citadel might become a reality. If it was deserted, who knows who would discover it and use its powers?

If word of the flying citadel makes it to the core domains of Ravenloft, Vlad Drakov may wish to use it to conquer Darkon at last—if he could learn to control it. The Lord of Barovia would give much to possess a flying castle as well.



DMs are encouraged to change or add on to Eyrie as they see fit. A great deal of space has been left blank; namely, the tons of rock underneath the Keep. Who knows what beings lurk in the tunnels—or what treasures the Baron has secreted there? And what about weapons? Surely Eyrie has had to fend off a few attacks from dragons or other large flying monsters. Perhaps some catapults or more magically-inclined weapons would line the battlements; the Keep was once a well-equipped fortress.

It may be that the memory of the Baron and his eyrie, like the dampness within the Keep's walls, will continue to seep into the bones of the PCs long after they have left. Ω